

The Examiner

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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No. 16.

Literature.

THE ROSE.

The following poem by Edmund Waller, one of the old English poets, 1605-1687, has a sentiment as fine as the flower itself is sweet:—

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprang
In deserts where no men abide
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time she shares
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though they fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand defies:
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of days are numbered
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy calm delight.

Er: the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fift light
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

Ah, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies,

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lip of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my tears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

(From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.)

My Fellow-traveller and I.

To say merely that 'it rained,' does not usually describe the state of the weather. There may have been wind at the same time, and the rain may have been a complimentary splash against your face or window; or it may have been bitterly cold, and the rain may have counted only as an additional discomfort. But on the day I have before my memory, it rained and did nothing else. There was neither cold nor warmth enough to divert your feelings; there was no breath of air to disturb the perpendicularity of the drops, and no prospect of country you could see through them. Down came the heavy globules in mathematical lines; splash went the water against the level road; round went the wheels of the vehicle with a monotonous rattle; and away bowed we over the wet, steaming, endless plains of the Netherlands.

There was only one passenger with me in the *coachee*, and he was worse than nobody by several chalks. Solitude would have been endurable; but to be shut up in compulsory companionship with a man whose language you cannot speak, and who cannot speak yours, is dreadful. I saw the fellow was a Frenchman the moment I set my eyes on him, and the cool easy impudence with which he said, 'pardon,' when he knocked my hat from the seat on coming in, confirmed the fact. My knowledge of French had been acquired at school, and went only as far as reading; and I could not yet refrain from an insular blush when I was obliged to try to speak my thought upon expression. The individual, however, roused me. I looked upon him somehow as an authorised intruder; and it was with a reckless air I made a remark to him in his own language about the weather—just to show him that I could speak French if I chose, and I didn't care a snap of my finger whether it was good or bad. I think I said, 'Quelle pluie.' I encountered his eyes, however, at the moment, and a quiet smile as he muttered, 'Mauvais temps,' demolished me. I had fallen, doubtless, into some unhappy category; and we both looked out of the window at the rain—I to conceal my confusion, and he, of course, to conceal a sneer, with all the distressing politeness of his countrymen.

A situation of this kind is the more embarrassing that one feels obliged to say something. Here was a man, a well-dressed, respectable, nay rather a gentlemanly person, with intelligent eyes that seemed to understand me; and to sit alone with him, hour after hour, all day and all night, without opening my lips, was impossible. He felt this himself, I was sure he did; for whenever I made an attempt, he listened earnestly, as if anxious to know what I would be at, without troubling me to repeat, and then replied in a few words, as if unwilling to exhibit any colloquial superiority. I at last began to like the fellow, and to be more and more sorry and ashamed that I

was unable to converse with him. Sometimes he took the initiative himself; and when I could not exactly catch his meaning, always kindly and laboriously repeated what he had said, occasionally varying the expression to make it more clear.

Down came the rain in the mean time, with its steady, determined, mathematical motion—'quick as lightning, but never in a hurry,' as the drill-sergeant says—down, down, down—splash, splash, splash—rattle, rattle, rattle; it was enough to make one mad. The Frenchman gave a heavy sigh, and I echoed it; he got up half a melancholy, half comical smile, which I reflected; he shook his head, so did I. 'Slow work this!' I would have said, only it would have been absurd in French; and he looked as if he would fain have given me the idiom, if I could have but understood it. At length the vehicle stopped to take in a passenger. Here was a chance. The new-comer was a plump, portly, handsome dame, who insinuated herself between my friend and me, and then expanded till, what with her and the cushions, we felt uncommonly uncomfortable. But she was a German; and when she had recovered breath, she looked first in the face of one, then of the other, and with an alarming sound of *ugh—agh—ogh*, delivered in the interrogative key, appeared to be endeavouring to fish out of us whether we could do anything in that line. The Frenchman said, 'Je suis fache,' and 'N'entends pas,' and I shook my head in despair; negatives that only excited the risible faculties of madame, who went on clearing her throat of its German in the midst of explosions of laughter, that made our contiguous sides and the cushions undulate in harmony. I verily think she considered herself fortunately placed in having two listeners with no speaker but herself, for she rattled away without intermission, interlarding her speech, in compliance to the Frenchman, with scraps of his own language, so horribly bad that even I was amused. We stood it for some time as decently as possible; but at last I could not help giving my male companion the wink, and saying in an undertone, 'Quelle Francaise!' Both of us proved too much for his politeness: off he set with a roar, in which I joined from sympathy; and so we went on all talking French and German, without listening to either, and laughing ready to die.

A more interesting episode, however, speedily occurred, for the coach stopped to a late dinner. Meals were a grand invention for that kind of travelling, although they have now gone the way of all horseflesh. To snatch at a morsel as we do now, and devour it like an ogre, is not to dine; any more than to scald the mucous membrane all the way down is to get cheered with the cup that not inebriates. The recollection of that dinner is enough to disgust one with steam and its headlong haste, and make us inquire whether it is really the grand business of human beings to contrive so as to be nowhere at all at any given time. The bill of fare included scores of dishes, in soup, fish, meat, poultry, game, pastry and confections; all with names that made them ten times more luxurious, yet, I must own so uninteresting, that choice was out of the question. I thought of shutting my eyes and taking something at random; but a qualm came over me as I reflected on the stories I had heard of the continental cuisine including frogs, snails, and the ox's liver, called vulgarly in England cat's meat; I looked at my Frenchman; and he was looking at me. He would not have begun before me for the world; and when in hungry impatience, I grasped at something, that turned out to be overdone boiled beef under the name of *bouilli*, so far from staring at me with the contempt I perhaps deserved, he helped himself largely to the humble fare. Eating, they say, wants only a beginning. My next venture was upon *biftek naturel*, then upon *cotelettes de mouton*, and then upon the *gigot*, which always comes last. The Frenchman, though looking with an eye of a connoisseur upon the tempting dishes around him, was true to his social principles, and followed rigidly the tastes, extraordinary as he might think them, of his fellow-traveller—so that, in the midst of all sorts of delicacies, we made a magnificent meal upon boiled beef and beef steaks, mutton chops and leg of mutton.

After all, it was very satisfactory. We felt ourselves expanding, like the German lady—who had now vanished, for she resided at the place, and we looked at each other with increasing kindness and good humour. Suddenly the Frenchman filled his tumbler half full of wine, and held it out. 'A votre sante!' cried he, and in an instant I was ready for him, and brought my glass against his with, I regret to say, a fatal collision, for it smashed it in pieces and split the wine. I was bitterly ashamed of my awkwardness. It was the first time I had practised the fashion, which they call *trinquet*, and should have been more cautious; but the conduct of my companion was very admirable. He actually seemed to take it all upon himself, begging my pardon in the humblest manner for the outrage I had committed, in demolishing a man's glass, who had merely invited me in a friendly way to take wine with him. The worst of it was, the waiters and the other guests were excessively imprudent; not that they said anything—they never do on such occasions; but they looked at each other, and then bit their lips, and grinned horribly to repress a smile. As for the hostess, who had been looking at us a good deal, she covered her face with her handkerchief and precipitately left the bar. Both the Frenchman and I were much annoyed, and looked jealously from face to face to watch for an occasion of hostilities; but by degrees the thing was forgotten, and a capital glass of brandy and water made us all right. I thought, by the way, that my companion would have taken the alcohol neat, for I had known his countrymen express great disgust at our weak, warm mixture; but he was a trump throughout, and no mistake.

Our attempts at conversation while we were at table were very few, for I did not like to expose my slight acquaintance with the language before a mixed company; but when we were fairly seated in the *coachee*, after a plentiful dinner and a reasonable allowance of wine and brandy, we went at it again with a will. On such occasions, one has a full, comfortable, jolly feeling, which overthrows the barriers of reserve; and for my own part I talked away as if I was Frenchman born; only a good deal out in the grammar, and idiom, and meaning of words. My companion was equally communicative, and although he took great pains with my ignorance, but little more intelligible; and so we kept hammering at one another during the great part of the night, with less success than our perseverance deserved.

Even after I fell asleep, the same thing was continued for hours in my dreams. I thought I was speaking against the Frenchman for a wager of a tumbler of wine; when the contest was over, we each claimed to be the winner; and while struggling for the prize, the glass smashed in our hands, and the liquid descended over the whole earth in great, round perpendicular drops. Whereupon I woke. It was the sound of the rain that was in my ears, mingled with other noises—down, down, down—splash, splash, splash—rattle, rattle, rattle. Presently the coach stopped: we had arrived at the town where I was to lose my companion.

He was no more than in time for the vehicle by which he was to turn off into another route; and when I stood to see him mount, holding my umbrella over his head, it was with real emotion I bade him farewell. I could not help thinking at the moment what a pleasant time we might have passed, and what a permanent friendship we might have formed, had we only understood one another's language well enough to converse freely.

'Good-by,' said I; 'God bless you!'
'What?' cried he, in the same tongue, 'are you an Englishman?'
'To be sure! and you! O Jupiter—Jovis—Jovi—Jovem—Jupiter—Jove!'
'Monte! monsieur, monte!' shouted the coachman.
'What a terrible mistake! But you speak the language so admirably!'
'If I never tried it till a few days ago, while you seemed an old experienced Frenchman—quite a—'

'Monte, monte! Sacre!—nous sommes partis! Ye—e—e!'
We bundled him in while the vehicle was actually in motion, and I saw no more of my travelling companion.

Gleanings from late Papers.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF'S GENERALSHIP.

In the *Debats* Colonel St. Ange analyses the despatch in which Prince Gortchakoff explains and excuses his late defeat on the Tchernaya. The gallant writer does justice to the conduct of General Read, so unhandsonely dealt with by one who placed by accident or favour above him in the military system of Russia, was surpassed by him in every qualification of a commander. Colonel St. Ange says:—

Prince Gortchakoff throws all the blame of his want of success on General Read, commander of the 3d corps d'armes, who was killed, and cannot now defend himself. According to the General-in-Chief, General Read ought to have established a numerous artillery before the bridge of Traktir, to command the Fedukhine Hills, whilst an attack was made on Tchernoug, and to have deployed in line of battle under the protection of his artillery, but not to have attacked the positions before receiving orders. Could, however, Prince Gortchakoff reasonably imagine that, on hearing the cannonade, the French and Sardinians would remain in their tents? Has all initiative been ever interdicted to the general of a corps d'armes of from 23,000 to 30,000, who, when in a situation to appreciate favourable circumstances, can seize on them and profit by them? Moments are precious in war. Prince Gortchakoff was then at a distance of two kilometres (2½ miles) towards Tchernoug. General Read considered the moment opportune for attack, before the French were fully prepared; and, besides, by marching on the Mamelons, his attack accorded with the plans of the General-in-Chief. Read, in fact, might evidently have possessed himself of the Mamelon, since he obtained the summit of it. It was for the General-in-Chief to support that attack, which was a brilliant one, although repulsed by the impetuous bravery of our soldiers. Read returned to the charge, and the General-in-Chief did not cause him to be supported with sufficient force. General Ouschakoff also redoubled his efforts against the other Mamelon, but there also the General-in-Chief adopted no decisive measure. Instead of making a diversion on our right, by throwing the corps d'armes of General Liprandi against Tchernoug and Hasfort (the key of the battle), he allowed—it is not known why—his left to remain unprotected, in order to send, but too late, one of the divisions of General Liprandi to the support of the attacks on the centre. Disposing of a reserve of 39,000 men, he made no use of it, though the moment was one of those crises which serve to decide victory, or to disengage compromised troops. Finally, Prince Gortchakoff possessed an immense artillery, but he only made use of it as a demonstration, and it was the artillery of the allies which horribly decimated his columns. By his indecision he left them to be crushed, losing more than five thousand killed or wounded, amongst whom were eight generals, three of whom expired on the banks of the Tchernaya. The general, in fact, showed himself, as it were, completely disconcerted on seeing the affair take what he calls an unexpected turn, as if a general could always count on infallible success, and as if it were not the duty of a General-in-Chief to provide for unseen incidents. He triumphs at the French not having gone to attack him at the other side of the river, where he awaited them, he says, for four hours; but he feigns to forget that we have another task to fulfill—the siege of Sebastopol. It is for him to cause us to raise the siege, if he can, with his relieving army. The day will arrive on which the allied army will be free in its turn to give him battle in the heart of the Crimea.

The Colonel estimates in the following terms the character of General Gortchakoff as the commander-in-chief of a large independent body of troops:—

'The not very brilliant campaign of this general in the Danubian Principalities against the Turks, and his sad battle of the Tchernaya, do not permit him to be counted amongst those captains who are inspired on the battle field with sudden illuminations. He may be rather classed amongst the exact, and even learned tacticians, who know perfectly well the military chess board and its rules, but to whom nature has refused the inspirations of genius. His instructions, found on the body of General Read, are a *chef d'œuvre* of prudent provision; but we remark in them a spirit of detail and minuteness calculated to shackle the talents of those who were to execute them, by restricting them to petty combinations. This spirit of exactitude and detail does not, it is true, always prevent a general from conceiving extensive plans; but there is a vast difference between calm calculation and vigorous execution. In the field of battle the presence of mind of the moment is the most precious quality, and Marshal Soult said truly that inspiration is nothing else than calculation instantaneously made.'

SKETCH OF A CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRE.

Never was community so convulsed in our young State as it has been during the past month. A true record of events throughout the State would put the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, and the annals of old Newgate to the blush, and Bentou's 'Thirty years in the United States Senate' would be but a primer in comparison of size.

Banks failing, crashing, swindling; merchants suspending—some from failure of the banks, others from rash speculations, a few from the absorbing of their whole profits in the payments of high rates of interest, but scarcely one from a fair legitimate cause. New systems of fraud and villainy are almost daily exposed, and always does the exposure come just too late to afford justice to arrest the perpetrators. Meiggs—honest Harry Meiggs—struck out in a somewhat new line, although the elegant Wall Street financier, Schuyler, gave him a cue; but these two pale before the brilliant accomplishments of the latest operator—G. Hubert Sanders.

This gentleman came to our city, some three years ago, poor and meek. He hired him a small office, engaged with a partner equally poor, and the two hung out a modest, yellow painted sign, which told that they were 'Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.' Sanders is a Frenchman, I believe, hence he soon got a very fine practice from his countrymen. He had married an American lady in one of the eastern cities, a widow, the mother of two girls; one of dazzling beauty. The family removed to this city. The wonderful beauty of the daughter drew to their house crowds of admirers—the wealth and aristocracy of our city. A smile from the lovely fair one was a bliss to ponder on. With increased practice in his profession, Sanders plunged out in truly fashionable style. His handsome daughter, in winning suitors to herself, brought bribes to her father, as her admirers equally rivalled each other in gaining his confidence and friendship, the better to succeed in their suit for the daughter. Soon the family became noted in high circles, and some even assigned to them the front rank among the ton. They rode in the finest carriage in town, had the best horses, and plunged into all the extravagance essential to support their newly assumed position. The beauty married a lawyer of some wealth, a Mr. Alfred Wheeler. The party given on the occasion eclipsed anything of the sort ever known in the country.

With the accumulation of business, Sanders felt it necessary to purchase the appointment of Notary Public, merely to facilitate his own practice, for he was now a conveyancer, and loaned other people's money on the best secured real estate; and, by having authority to take the acknowledgments of the borrowing and loaning parties in his office, he was saved the trouble and annoyance of running here and there to affix the notarial seal. He did the largest business of the kind in town. Frenchmen especially confided in him. They were not

going to put their money in banks, for sometimes banks failed; they were determined to invest safely; put their money in mortgages upon the best improved, well secured real estate in the city—so they went to Sanders, and he did the business for them all.

G. Hubert Sanders was now one of our wealthiest citizens—certainly the most extravagant. He drove a span of sorrels before a light buggy, in the morning; a span of blacks to a handsome rockaway, in the afternoon; and in the evening he sported a carriage and spanking pair of bays. His office hours were shortened from 8 till 5, down from 10 to 2, but between those hours he was always in his office, save at lunch hours, when, if any of his distinguished family were down shopping, he would escort them to the ice-cream saloon, and the skill of the catering artists was taxed to the utmost, in providing dainties for them.

On one occasion last year, when strawberries first appeared in the market, it is said himself and Mrs. Wheeler ate the moderate allowance of \$100 worth each, at a single sitting. The stories now told of his lavish extravagance would fill a large sized octavo. About two weeks ago the eldest daughter was married to a gentleman of Sacramento. Another magnificent and costly entertainment was given on the occasion. Young wife hunters mourned that there were no more daughters in the family, so that they might form a matrimonial alliance with so distinguished a set. Their sores outshone those of all others. To be invited at Sanders' was the zenith of bliss to all codfishdom. But time works wonders. The mutations of human life are beyond the power or the prediction of man. Last week G. Hubert Sanders was arrested on a charge of forgery, and was released upon giving bonds in the sum of \$10,000 for his appearance at court to answer the charge. His son-in-law and his partner were his sureties. That evening he fled, and has not been heard of. The following day forged mortgages and deeds were discovered in his office, upon which he had raised over \$300,000.

In one instance he actually mortgaged a man's own property to him for \$4,000, and strange to tell, the poor fellow never discovered it until the news of the forgeries was two days old. To some he gave mortgages upon the highway, the boundaries and descriptions being given in the usual style. He also drew mortgages upon the property of Bolton P. Bacon, John Parrott, Sam Brennan, and others of our wealthy men, who never had a dollar upon their estates. All these he conveyed to his victims, who paid him their money, gave him his commission, and went away confident in the security that held their funds. One great cause why he was enabled to continue his frauds so long undiscovered, is the fact that nearly all his sufferers are French, who do not understand our language, and who were ignorant of the legal procedure in such cases. Every day, so far, has brought to light some new act of his villainy.

Of all our splendid rascals, Sanders has proved himself the chief. His new system of robbery is entitled to the first rank in the Patent Office of rascality, and old style forgers such as Monroe Edwards was, must not hope for the distinguished reputation that is so richly merited by Sanders, Meiggs and Schuyler.—N. Y. Mirror.

UNITED STATES.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

We are indebted to M. H. Perley, Esq., for a copy of the following important circular from the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, defining what articles shall be free and what shall pay duty under the Reciprocity Treaty:—

[GENERAL REGULATIONS, NO. 55.]

Supplementary to Regulations, No. 50.

TO COLLECTORS AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE CUSTOMS.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

July 31, 1855.

The following decisions on questions submitted to this Department, arising on importations into the United States from the British Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, being the product of said Provinces, under the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain of June 5, 1855, are communicated for your information and government:—

ENTITLED TO FREE ENTRY.

Animals of all kinds; ashes, comprehending pot and pearl ashes; black salts and salts of lye; bags, barrels, or other original packages, containing flour, wheat, or other food products; barley; bark of hemlock or other trees; beans, when rough hewn or sawed only; bran; breadstuffs of all kinds, not further manufactured than flour or meal; broom corn; burr stones, hewn or wrought, or unwrought; butter; Canada balsam, collected from a species of pine tree, as turpentine; castoreum, a product of the beaver; cattletails, if undressed; cheese; clap boards, if rough hewn or sawed only; coal; corn, Indian, or maize; cotton wool; dried fruits; dyes; fish of all kinds, products of fish, and of all other creatures living in the water; the exemption from duty to extend to the fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador; fish wholly or partly cooked in cans hermetically sealed; firewood; flax; unmanufactured; flour of all kinds, fresh meat, fruits, dried or undried; fruits, preserved in cans hermetically sealed, furs, undressed; grains of all kinds; grindstones, hewn or wrought, or unwrought; gypsum, ground or unwrought; hair, on the hide or skin, or tail thereof, undressed; hair seal skins, undressed; hemp unmanufactured; hides, undressed; horns, horn tips; hubs for wheels, if rough hewn or sawed only; knees for vessels, do; last, do; last blocks, do; laths, do; lard, linned; lumber of all kinds; round, rough hewn or sawed only; manures; marble in its crude or unwrought state; meats of all kinds, fresh, smoked and salted; meats wholly or partially cooked, preserved without oil or spirits, in cans hermetically sealed; middlings, (as flour); nuts; oats; oat meal; oil from fish; ores of metals, of all kinds; palings, pickets, posts, &c., if rough hewn or sawed only; pates or scraps of raw hides or skins; pearl and potash; peas; peat; pitch; plants; potatoes; poultry, cooked, wholly or partly, preserved in cans hermetically sealed; products of fish and all other creatures living in the water; provender, from wheat or other grain; rags; railroad ties, rough, hewn or sawed only; raw hides and skins or parts thereof; rice; rottenwood, salted meats, salts of lye and black salts, (see ashes); sausage and sausage meat; saw logs; s-andling, rough, hewn or sawed only, screenings from grain; seeds; shingles, rough, hewn or sawed only; shingle bolts, do; shingle wood, do; shrubs; skins or tails, undressed; skins or parts thereof, undressed; shi;stuffs; breadstuffs; slate; spars, round and sawed only; spokes of wheels, if rough hewn or sawed only; stone, in its crude or unmanufactured state; tails, undressed; tallow; tar; timber of all kinds, round, rough, hewn or sawed only; tobacco, unmanufactured; tow, do; trees, turpentine, vegetable, wholly or partly cooked, preserved in cans hermetically sealed; venison; wool, unmanufactured.

LIABLE TO DUTY UNDER THE EXISTING REVENUE LAWS.

Beams, (see timber and lumber); bear's grease; beeswax; boards, (see timber and lumber); biscuit; bread; cake;